

And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,  
Harmlesse Richard was murdered traiterously.

Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;  
Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crowne.

Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:  
For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,  
The issue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd.

Salib. But William of Hatfield dyed without an  
Heire.

Yorke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,  
From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,  
Had Issue Phillip, a Daughter,  
Who married Edmond Mortimer, Earle of March:  
Edmond had Issue, Roger, Earle of March;

Roger had Issue, Edmond, Anne, and Elianor.  
Salib. This Edmond, in the Reigne of Bullingbrooke,  
As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne,  
And but for Owen Glendour, had bene King;  
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.  
But, to the rest.

Yorke. His eldest Sister, Anne,  
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,  
Marryed Richard, Earle of Cambridge,  
Who was to Edmond Langley,  
Edward the thirde's fift Sonnes Sonne;  
By her I clayme the Kingdome:  
She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March,  
Who was the Sonne of Edmond Mortimer,  
Who marryed Phillip, sole Daughter  
Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne  
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?  
Henry doth clayme the Crowne from John of Gaunt,  
The fourth Sonne, Yorke claymes it from the third:  
Till Lionels Issue sayles, his should not reigne.  
It sayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,  
And in thy Sonnes, faire Slippes of such a Stock.  
Then Father Salisbury, kneele we together,  
And in this private Plot be we the first,  
That shall salure our rightfull Soueraigne  
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Both. Long liue our Soueraigne Richard, Englands  
King.

Yorke. We thanke you Lords:  
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,  
And that my Sword be stayn'd  
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster:  
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,  
But with aduice and silent secrecie.  
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,  
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,  
At Beaufords Pride, at Somersets Ambition,  
At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them,  
Till they haue snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,  
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humfrey:  
Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,  
Shall finde their deaths, if Yorke can prophetic.

Salib. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde  
at full.

Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick  
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.

Yorke. And Nell, this I doe assure my selfe,  
Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick  
The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,  
with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.

King. Stand forth Dame Elianor Cobham,  
Glosters Wife:

In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,  
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,  
Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.  
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;  
From thence, vnto the place of Execution:  
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,  
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallows.  
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,  
Depryde of your Honor in your Life,  
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,  
Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,  
With Sir Iohn Stanley, in the Ile of Man.

Elianor. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my  
Death.

Gloster. Elianor, the Law thou seest hath indged thee,  
I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes;  
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.  
Ah Humfrey, this dishonor in thine age,  
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.  
I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;  
Sorrow would solace, and mine Age would ease.

King. Stay Humfrey, Duke of Gloster,  
Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,  
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,  
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,  
And Lanthorne to my feete:

And goe in peace, Humfrey, no lesse belou'd,  
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeres  
Should be to be protected like a Child,  
God and King Henry gouerne Englands Realme:  
Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Gloster. My Staffe? Here, Noble Henry, is my Staffe:  
As willingly doe I the same resigne,  
As ere thy Father Henry made it mine;  
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,  
As others would ambitiously receiue it.  
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,  
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster.

Queene. Why now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen,  
And Humfrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe,  
That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;  
His Lady banish'd, and a Limbe lop't off.  
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,  
Where it best fits to be, in Henries hand.

Suff. Thus droues this lustie Pyne, & hangs his sprays,  
Thus Elianors Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.

Yorke. Lords, let him goe, please it your Maiestie,  
This is the day appointed for the Combat,  
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,  
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,  
So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.

Queene. I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore  
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'd.

King. A Gods Name see the Lyfts and all things fit,  
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

Yorke. I neuer saw a fellow worse bestead,  
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,  
The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking  
to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a  
Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge  
fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a  
Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. Neighbor. Here Neighbour Horner, I drinke to you  
in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe  
well enough.

2. Neighbor. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of  
Charneco.

3. Neighbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere  
Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and ile pledge you all,  
and a figge for Peter.

1. Prent. Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not a  
fraid.

2. Prent. Be merry Peter, and feare not thy Master,  
Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray  
you, for I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this  
World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne;  
and Will, thou shalt haue my Hammer: and here Tom,  
take all the Money that I haue. O Lord blesse me. I pray  
God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee  
hath learnt so much fence already.

Salib. Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.  
Sirha, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter forsooth.

Salib. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salib. Thumpe? Then see thou thumpe thy Master  
well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon  
my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knaue; and my selfe  
an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will  
take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King,  
nor the Queene: and therefore Peter haue at thee with a  
downe-right blow.

Yorke. Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double.  
Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Treason.

Yorke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God,  
and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, haue I overcome mine Enemies in this  
preference? O Peter, thou hast prey'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight,  
For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt,  
And God in Iustice hath reneal'd to vs  
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,  
Which he had thought to haue murder'd wrongfully.  
Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in  
Mourning Cloakes.

Gloster. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud:  
And after Summer, euermore succeeds  
Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;  
So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seasons fleet.

Sirs, what's a Clock?

Seru. Tenne, my Lord.

Gloster. Tenne is the hour

To watch the coming of  
Vncouth may thee endure  
To treade them with her te  
Sweet Nell, ill can thy Nob  
The abiect People, gazing  
With enuious Lookes laug  
That erst did follow thy pr  
When thou didst ride in tri  
But soft, I thinke she comes  
My teare-stayn'd eyes, to se

Enter the Duchesse in a  
burning in her ha  
and

Seru. So please your Gr  
Sherife.

Gloster. No, sirre not  
by.

Elianor. Come you, my  
Now thou do'st Penance to  
See how the giddy multitu  
And nodde their heads, and  
Ah Gloster, hide thee from th  
And in thy Closter pent vp  
And banne thine Enemies, b  
Gloster. Be patient, gentle  
Elianor. Ah Gloster, tea  
For whilest I thinke I am th  
And thou a Prince, Protecto  
Me thinkes I should not thu  
May I'd vp in shame, with Pa  
And follow'd with a Rabb  
To see my teares, and heare  
The ruthlesse Flint doth cut  
And when I start, the enuio  
And bid me be aduised how  
Ah Humfrey, can I beare this  
Trowest thou, that ere I le  
Or count them happy, that e  
No: Darke shall be my Ligh  
To thinke vpon my Pompe,  
Sometime I le say, I am Duk  
And he a Prince, and Ruler o  
Yet so he rul'd, and such a Pr  
As he stood by, whilest I, his  
Was made a wonder, and a p  
To euery idle Rascall follow  
But be thou milde, and blus  
Nor stirre at nothing, till the  
Hang ouer thee, as sure it sho  
For Suffolke, he that can doe a  
With her, that hateth thee an  
And Yorke, and impious Bea  
Haue all lym'd Bushes to be  
And slye thou how thou can  
But feare not thou; vntill thy  
Nor neuer seeke preuention o

Gloster. Ah Nell, forbear: th

I must offend, before I be attr  
And had I twentie times fo  
And each of them had twent  
All these could not procure n  
So long as I am loyall, true, an  
Would I't haue me rescue the